

*Prince.* Faith, tell mee now in earnest, how came *Falstaffe* sword to hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said hee would sweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslobber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeere before, I blush to heare his monstrous deuices.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of Sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer since thou hast blusht ex. empore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yett thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you see these meteors? doe you behold these exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot Liners, and cold pufes.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if righty raken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if righty raken, Halter. Here comes leane *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweete creature of Bombast, how long is 't agoe, *Iacke*, since thou sawest thine owne Knee?

*Fal.* My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of fighting and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father: you must goe to the Court in the morning. The same mad fellow, of the North *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the Crosse of a Welsh hook; what a plague call you him?

*Poy.* O *Glendower*!

*Fal.* Owen *Glendower*, the same, and his sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of *Scottes*, *Douglas*, that runs a horsebacke vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll killeth a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*

*Fal.* You haue hit it.

*Prin.* So did he neuer the

*Fal.* Well, that rascall hath runne.

*Prince.* Why; what a rascall art thou running?

*Fal.* A horse-backe (yea *Cue* budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, vpon instinct: *Mordeke*, and a thousand blue away by night, thy fathers beard you may buy Land now as cheap.

*Prin.* Then 'tis like, if there be buffering hold, wee shall buy manyayles, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Masse, Lad, thou shalt haue good trading that way. But tell me, hast thou feared? thou being Heire apparent, and out three such Enemies againe, as *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*, doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prin.* Not awhit yfaith: I lach.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt bee honest, thou comest to thy Father: if thou canst answer.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: this Chalice, and this Cushion, and this Scepter, and this Crown.

*Prin.* Thy State is taken for a ter for a led in Dagger, and thy person for a bald Crowne.

*Fal.* Well, and the fire of Conscience now shall thou be moued. Give me mine eyes looke redde, that it may see For I must speake in passion, and in veine.